

EXHIBIT

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I want people to understand how this whole ordeal has changed my family's lives forever. My dad passed away when I was in 8th grade and my sister was in 5th. We were just 14 and 10. He left us a few weeks before Christmas on December 2, 2011. I remember that day like it just happened yesterday. I still have all the amazing memories we all shared as a family and I wish we could have had the chance to make a lot more. I am scared that since he passed while my sister and I were so young that I will forget the little memories I cherish the most. That is one of my biggest fears in my life.

A lot of people ask how this affects my family. It has been really tough growing up with just one parent when my sister and I could have had 2 amazing parents raising us. It's also difficult knowing his death could have been prevented, I feel guilty like I could have done something and I know my mom feels the same. I know, no matter what we believe, that it isn't our fault, it's just really hard accepting that he's gone because of someone's mistake. It is very hard knowing he won't be able to see all the important milestones coming up in our lives. My mom is such an incredible woman for putting herself as the mom and dad role in the family. My dad was always the one who disciplined us while my mom was the laid back one.

My dad was a very quiet guy but he always made everyone he met feel like they've known him for years. He was just a sweet down to earth guy who everyone loved. He used to be my coach in softball ever since I started when I was around 8. Him and his friend started a travel team for all my friends and I. He was a great coach and a great cheerleader (except to the umpires). Softball was my dad and I's thing together. Since he passed it was really hard for me to continue playing softball with that team he started. I played for them for two years after he passed but it just got to be too much pain and sadness that went along with the game that I loved so much. I know if he was still around I would still be playing my heart out and he would still be cheering me on. I do miss softball but I miss my dad so much more.

My sister and my dad were so alike it was crazy. It's difficult knowing my dad didn't get to see her get out of her awkward stages and see and be a part of the beautiful teenager she is becoming. I know he is watching over us but that isn't the same as him being here while we grow up. He was a great man and loved by so many. He will never be forgotten as long as we all live. He will and has already missed so many big milestones in our lives but no matter what he will always watch over us and be proud of the accomplishment we have succeeded in. I know for sure he is very proud of my mom for raising my sister and me all by herself which none of us thought she would ever have to do. I know he would do anything to be here with her and us again. And we all would do anything for him to be here too. I love him so much, I wish I could still tell him that.